

HABEAS CORPUS.

My body, oh! Friend Death, how now!
Why all this tedious pomp of writ?
Thou hast reclaimed me from the dead,
For half a century, but by wit.

In faith thou knowest more to-day
Than I do where it can be found!
Thou shiv'ring lump of suffering clay,
To which I now am chained and bound.

Hast not of wit or kin a trace
To the good body once I bore?
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face,
Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, Friend Death, good friend thou art,
The only faith thy lagging cart,
Mistaken gait thy heavy tread,
For numerous ones that did thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
Nor I nor mine will wait to see thee!
I shall be free when thou art through,
I grieve thee taught that thou must take!

Stay! I have led; I grieve thee thou art,
Yes, two I grieve thee that thou art,
Two members which have fallen to dust,
My will and bidding be the last!

I grieve thee this right hand of mine,
I grieve thee this quick-beating heart,
They never gave me coward sign,
Nor played me none as traitor's part.

I see now why in older days
Men in barbaric love or hate
Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,
Themed, less than beasts in conflict state.

The symbol, sign and instrument
Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,
Of fires in which are poured and spent
Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, frailty human hand!
O fragile, dainties human heart!
The universe holds nothing planned
With such sublime, transcendent art.

Yes, Death, I own I grieve thee mine
Poor little hand, so feeble now,
It writhed, pined, it ceased to live,
Its veins so pallid and so slow.

..... (Unfinished here)

Ah, well, Friend Death, good friend thou art,
I shall be free when thou art through,
Take all there is—take hand and heart;
—By the Late Helen Jackson, in Century.

BOTH MISTAKEN.

Light Words Which Wrecked the
Happiness of Two Lives.

A cool breeze blew up from the river.
It played among the reeds and tall
grasses on the bank and ran lightly
up the slope toward the white mansion on
the hillside, fluttering the vines that
fringed the wide piazza where a group
of young girls sat chatting, resting, or
bussing themselves with dainty needle-
work.

"What a delicious breeze!" ex-
claimed Florence Freeman, rising as
she spoke. The slender, thoughtful-
looking young man reclining musing
in the depths of a large easy chair just
within one of the long windows glanced
up from the pages of a book in which
he had been absorbed, and his dark
eyes followed her graceful figure ad-
miringly.

"It sets me wild to be doing some-
thing," she continued, pacing up and
down the long porch. "Do you know,
girls," pausing abruptly, "we're a set
of slaves?"

"O, Florry!" exclaimed a laughing
voice, "now don't give us a lecture on
woman's rights!"

"Never fear, that isn't what I was
thinking of. We are hindered by cir-
cumstances from being and doing
what we feel is within us to be and
do."

"Listen, girls," interrupted another
voice. "Florry is on her high horse.
Now we shall see some prancing."

"Laugh away," returned Florence.
"In earnest, why must we, because
we happen to have drifted into a certain
channel, or because a particular course
is marked out for us by friends, drift
on down the stream or keep on in the
same course to the bitter end, even
though we must smother the best there
is in our natures in doing so?"

"Intense feeling," said one of her
words, and her unseen listener found
himself wondering what personal ex-
perience had prompted them. Amy
Gray lifted her eyes.

"Duty is often unpleasant," she
said, "but it is best, after all, to have
a settled plan and purpose and cling
to them through everything. Think what
a chance would result if we all followed
our own inclinations, and, worse than
that, whatever might for the moment
be our ruling passion."

Florence did not answer for a mo-
ment; her eyes were roving across the
wide sweep of the river, where a white
sail glimmered in the afternoon sun-
shine.

"O, yes; there must be plans, of
course, and they must be carried out,
or nothing would be accomplished. But
take special cases. There is cousin
Dora, for instance. Why must she give
up her painting to marry Fred Long,
merely because she promised to when a
mere child, and didn't know what she
wanted?"

"Of course, Florry," said one of
the group, "but she can't appreciate her
talent. Why, he has begun to interfere
with her plans already. Says she works too
steadily, and wants her to give up some
work she had undertaken in order to be
married sooner. She only laughed over
it. Of course, she wouldn't say any-
thing, but you can all see she doesn't
love him. How can she, when he has
no sympathy with her on that subject?"

"She feels her responsibility," said
Amy's soft voice. "She knows how
devoted Mr. Long is to her."

"She's here she comes," whispered
Edith Stanley as a bright-faced girl
fluttered up from the garden, like a
dainty white butterfly, and perched
herself on the steps. A dead silence
fell on the group for a moment, and
then Dora turned her laughing face
toward her cousin.

"Go on, Florry. You were giving a lecture,
weren't you? I could hear you 'orating,'
but couldn't catch a word of the discourse."

"It's ended now," said Florence,
coolly, mentally resolving never to be
so careless again in mentioning "spe-
cial cases." "And unless some one has
taken notes upon it, it is for it was
quite impromptu." And, taking her
cousin's arm, she marched her up and
down the piazza humming a gay air.

Meanwhile, within the windows the
young man sat motionless, his finger
stilled between the pages that only a few
moments ago held him spellbound, al-
though his world had fallen in ruin
around him since Florence began her
"lecture." Outside the breeze rang
among the tree-tops and rustled the
shining bosom of the river. The
August sunshine lay mellow on the
grass, but he heard nothing, saw nothing.

The tea bell rang suddenly and

started him out of his meditations.
The girls disappeared with much chat-
ter and gay laughter, and he rose me-
chanically and walked like one in a
dream down through the garden and on
into a little grove beyond, his one
thought to be alone where no human
eye could add to his torment with its
questioning glances. There, under the
trees, where he and Dora played in
childhood, he walked to and fro, one
sentence ringing in his ears like a sen-
tence of doom: "We can all see she
doesn't love him." It was hard to
come down from the pinnacle where
he had imagined himself crowned king
of one hour.

When Dora, only fifteen, had given
him her hand so confidently as they
walked together in this very grove—
only it was morning then, and spring-
time, and the air was filled with the
scent of wild, crabapple blossoms, and
she wore them at her throat; how
plainly he could see her now, all in
white, and the pink of her cheek so
like the dainty blossoms—he had taken
the gift unquestionably, and no doubts
had ever assailed him. He knew her
devotion to art and was proud of her suc-
cess, but he had never dreamed that it
would be his rival in her affections.

"Have I been so blind?" he ques-
tioned. "O, my little Dora!"

Something must be done, and that at
once. Should he go to Dora and ask if
these things were true? That would be
like saying: "Have you been deceiving
me all these years?" He could not do
it. He must wait, with what patience
he could, until he could decide for him-
self. He was sure that Dora had not
been so quick decided to be married in
the fall, as that would be one test he
could put her to. It is something to have
an idea that can be acted upon at once,
and he retraced his steps toward the
house with this one purpose in view.

Now shall he find a minute in which
to speak alone with Dora? He feels
that this cannot bear the suspense until
another day shall come, and then mut-
ters to himself: "Fool! What if I
must last a lifetime? What if I am
never to know?"

As he reached the piazza a girlish
voice cried out eagerly: "O, Mr. Long!
where have you been hiding yourself?"

In an instant, he was surrounded
by a laughing group, who scolded and
questioned with such vivacity that their
victim found it unnecessary to say a
word; it was, in fact, quite impossible.
Then Dora rose from the piano.

"Here, Dora!" cried Edith Stanley,
"here is the deserter. What shall he
do to him?" And they led him be-
fore his bright-eyed judge.

Dora had never before seemed to
him just as she did at that moment—
so far away, as if a great gulf were
fixed between them. He could scarcely
believe in her bright looks, everything
seemed so unreal, his life was so shaken
to its foundations. It was only by a
great effort that he aroused himself to
make some commonplace excuse.

Dora's first careless glance at his
pallid face changed to one of alarm.
The light from an open window fell
upon it and she saw its deadly pallor.

"Why, Fred!" she cried, "you careless
boy! You will be sick again. Come
and have some tea." And she led the
way to the dining-room.

"How he longed to say: 'Come, Dora, I have
something to tell you,' and then, hav-
ing her all to himself, pour out those
miserable doubts and fears in her ear
and so be free from them. But no—
here was this crowd of chattering girls—
besides, she must not know he had
such doubts. No, no, if she said, 'I love
you,' he would be sure to say, 'I love
you,' because she believed it to be her
duty. And so he finished the evening
as best he could, and all night long his
heart tormented him with ceaseless
questionings.

Several days passed before he found
an opportunity to speak alone with
Dora. The house was filled with a
number of young guests, and Dora
must be everywhere.

Fred Long was just now taking a
well-earned vacation. After years of
hard work and months of illness he had
come back to the home of his childhood
to regain lost health and strength. He
had called this the happiest summer he
had known, but now an untimely frost
had spoiled its beauty. Among the
guests whom Dora was entertaining
her cousin, Florence Freeman was the
only one he had previously known.

Naturally they drifted together during
these miserable days. With Dora he
was suddenly ill at ease and restless;
her quick eyes noted the change, and
looked about for a cause. Those same
quick eyes noticed the walks and talks
with cousin Florence. "No wonder she
admires him," she said, with a sharp
little pang at her heart, mentally con-
trasting tall, handsome Florence with
her own little self.

Presently the flock of merry school
girls took flight. "Only Florence, and
you, and I," said Dora; "just as it used
to be." But for both the old charm was
lost.

One day they walked together along
the bank, and Dora said: "Our play-
time is done."

"Yes," he answered: "I must go
back to my law books and you must
have time for your painting."

A light came into her eyes. "Then
I am to go on painting?"

"Yes," he said, slowly. "I am mak-
ing this promise to you. I do not wish
to marry you until you have finished
this work you have set your heart
upon. It will occupy your whole win-
ter."

"Yes, perhaps more. Give me a
year," she said, eagerly, quite uncon-
scious of the pain her words inflicted,
and only anxious for time wherein to
prove whether after all these years of
devotion, Fred could be won from her.

A few weeks ago she had asked for the
length of time simply because she had
undertaken some painting which she
wished to finish, and had plans to be
carried out which she felt would be
sadly interfered with by the necessary
arrangements for a wedding. Now
she had this additional motive.

"Very well," came the answer, calm
and steady. "No trembling in the quiet
tones to betray the heart's unutterable
anguish as it whispered to itself:
"How glad she is to be free even for a
year."

As for Dora, her heart was saying:
"He is so good, so kind, so devoted, so
true, and then they talked of indifferent
matters, these two foolish ones, and the
precious hours in which they might
have understood each other slipped
away and were gone forever."

Once more apart, their letters were
exchanged at regular intervals—Fred's
kind and loving. "Of course," said
Dora, "it is his duty," while Dora's
were a curious study had her lover but
known. Each one a little cooler, a
little braver than the last, until by
the time spring had dressed the fields
and woods in green again poor Fred
had well-nigh made up his mind that
Florence was right. Dora's heart was
all in her painting; she had grown
quite weary of him.

"This suspense killing me," he

would say; "but I'll wait—it is better
—I'll wait soon be over."

And Dora, working herself to a
shadow over her painting, would think:
"The end can not be far off. He will
soon be free."

Early in the summer Fred found him-
self again in the old familiar house,
but, alas! the old joyous light was want-
ing everywhere. A shade, a mist,
seemed hanging over everything, and
Dora was farther away than ever.

There were no merry guests to divide
her attention; but, so absorbed, so
silent, did she seem, he could hardly
believe it was the same Dora he had
known in other days.

A week passed by—a week of mingled
paradise and torment. Sometimes he
would be on the point of saying to her:
"Dora, I will stand in your way no
longer"; but a faint hope still lingered,
and he could not crush it so ruthlessly.

At other times he could almost believe
himself mistaken in these months a
happy dream when he met his
so earnestly and seemed filled for a
moment with the old, warm light.

They sat together one day upon a
little rustic seat, chatting and resting
after a walk. Fred had taken some
letters from his pocket which he wished
to show to Dora. A picture fell from
among them. Dora stooped to recover
it.

"Cousin Florry," she murmured,
and Fred began making some com-
monplace remark upon its correctness.
Then, glancing at his companion's
face, he was startled at its deadly
pallor. "Dora!" he cried, "you are ill."
"No, I'm not ill," she said, almost
sharply. "How lovely Florence is!"

"Yes, indeed. She is well-nigh per-
fect. But there is only one Dora in all
the world," taking her little, cold hand
in his. "Without Dora the world is
meaningless to me."

Dora's eyes were scanning the dis-
tant hills. She made no reply. She
was stealing her heart against him.
"He wants to be true," she thought,
"but I will have no such love."

"Dora, you are not happy."
"She started. 'Not perfectly so.'
What mortal is?"

"It seems to me I would be if only
things could be as they once were
between us."

This was the first allusion he had
made to the fact that he had noticed
any change in their relations.

Dora realized that a crisis was com-
ing. She simply awaited it in silence.
She would neither strive to avert nor
to hasten it.

"I have sometimes feared that you
and I have been mistaken. That is the
right word, I think. If so, I have ven-
tured to ask you to keep a promise
which has become painful to you."

Dora rose from her seat; a sudden
fire flamed in her pale cheek. She
held her hand out toward him—the
dead little hand that wore her ring.
Something in her air bewildered him.
He stood a moment motionless, then
seized the hand in both of his own.
She shook him off impatiently and drew
the ring from her finger. Now he un-
derstood.

"Without a word, Dora," he said,
struggling for self-command as a man
might battle for life against the waves
of a sea.

"What is there to say?" asked Dora,
her voice clear as a silver bell, while
her eyes shone like two stars. "And
and he told himself that lie: 'She is
glad!'"

And so they parted. The tie formed
almost in childhood was broken, and
they went their separate ways.

Day after day Dora's pale, resolute
face bore over her cheeks, and she
endeavored her trembling hand for greater
achievements. She worked too hard,
they said. She was too ambitious; she
put too much of her life-blood into the
strokes of her brush, and a few months
ended the struggle.

He came again to the dear old house
beside the river; a crowd of friends had
gathered there, but Dora was there no
welcome. Pale and silent she lay and
stirred not a finger nor an eyelash for
any of their tears. He stood there with
Florence, and that still form between
them; his smiling lips were no more
silent now than they had been in life.

A dumb patience was marked on the
sweet face, but they never guessed its
meaning.

"If she might only have lived!"
sobbed Florence.

Fred spoke not, but the bitter cry of
his heart was: "If I could only know
that she loved me!"

And they never dreamed, these two
—her nearest and dearest—that they
had slain her.—Chicago Tribune.

A GREAT NUISANCE.

The Woman Who Monopolizes the Seats
of Four Persons in a Railway Car.

Among railway nuisances the per-
son who brings all his or her baggage
into the car, depositing the same upon
the floor, the seats and in the aisles,
must rank as one of the greatest.

The experienced traveler need not be re-
minded how often a bulky valise or a
huge handbox is installed upon a seat,
by the side of a passenger, and made
to represent a fictitious personage just
at present absent from the seat he has
taken, and thus securing for the afore-
said passenger the room designated for two
mortals.

With what unblinking effrontery people of apparently good
breeding, and especially women, re-
verse the back of the seat in front of
the one they have taken, and heap the
whole seating space, except that occu-
pied by the said passenger, with bundles
and packages and luggage of almost every
form of name, is well understood by
train officials and fellow-passengers,
who are often ruthlessly crowded out
of their rights thereby. Indeed, it
sometimes seems as though the com-
placent satisfaction with which an of-
fender of this class surveys the situa-
tion, the sardonic calmness and cool
indifference, while men and women are
standing about the passageways or
vainly striving to find a place of rest
for bodies aching after hours of shop-
ping or the hurried travel to catch the
train, furnishes good ground for per-
sonal attack by which the offending
passenger is well punished, if not
satisfied out of the window altogether.

In the economy of railroad manage-
ment, this matter is almost always pro-
vided for by the rules of the lines, but
the cases are seldom wherein con-
ductors insist upon the proprieties un-
der such circumstances, while only occa-
sionally a passenger comes upon the
scene with nerve and tact enough to
compel respect for the rights of others,
especially when the offender is a woman,
and perhaps traveling alone.—Boston Herald.

The Status Quo Ante.—
Topolovich and Dykhnich,
Machetich and Dykhnich,
And all the rest that is in the
Zaritsky will take their
Via Krasnaya and Kalinin,
Krasnaya and Kalinin,
And some that are not quite so fat.
To capture the Zaritsky and Kalinin.
—Boston Herald.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Feeding swine does not
supply them with water. Give them
pure clean water, and they will keep in
better condition than without it.—In-
dianapolis Sentinel.

Marks on tables caused by leaving
hot jugs or plates there will disappear
under the soothing influence of lamp
oil well rubbed in with a soft cloth, in-
cluding with a little oil of turpentine
rubbed dry with another cloth.—Ex-
change.

Nut Cake: Three eggs, one and
one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of
butter, one-half cup of milk, two and
one-half cups of flour, one and one-half
teaspoonsful of baking powder, one
cup of the meats of any kind of nuts.—
The Householder.

The farmer who has experienced
the crop of roots, will not be apt to be without
them, and the farmer who has not, will
easily realize how acceptable they would
be, and next year he will grow some—
if he is wise.—Montreal Witness.

The Kitchen Fire: Do not allow
the coal to come above the edge of the
fire-box or lining. If you do, ashes
and cinders will fall into the oven-flues,
they will soon be choked up and
require cleaning. Again, if the stove-
coals rest on hot-rod coils they soon
burn out and must be renewed.—N. E.
Farmer.

Orange Jelly Cake: To two cups
of flour and two cups of powdered
sugar add one-half cup of cold water
and the beaten yolks of five eggs,
beat four of the whites to a stiff froth,
and add the grated peel and juice
of one orange, lastly add one
teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake
in jelly tins.—The Caterer.

Window gardening is attended
with some obstacles, not the least of
which is over-heating, dryness, dust
and insects. The temperature should
not exceed seventy degrees, if it can be
well avoided, and fifteen less at night.
A cold draft upon the plants should
be avoided. Evaporating water upon
a stove is as beneficial to plant
life as to human.—N. Y. Post.

Strawberries which are cultivated
in rows have been found of far better
flavor and of larger size than others
which are grown in matted beds and
can not be hoed or cultivated. The
writer's experience has been that the
best fruit and the largest yield of it
has been produced by hill cultivation,
three plants being set in each hill,
eight inches apart, in a triangle, and
the hills being thirty inches apart.—
Albany Journal.

Cement for Knife Handles: Take
one pound rosin and half a pound of
powdered sulphur, melt together, and
mix in about twelve ounces of fine sand
or powdered brick. Fill the cavity of
the handle with this mixture, melted.
Make the shank of the knife or fork
quite warm and insert in place, and let
it remain until cold, when it will be
found to be firmly fixed. The handles
of knives and forks should not be put
in hot water.—Philadelphia Press.

INSECTICIDES.

Results of Experiments at the New York
Experiment Station.

In the third annual report of the
New York Agricultural Experiment
Station is to be found a statement of
results gained on the station grounds
with various insecticides. The experi-
ence there led to the opinion that a
special mode of treatment must be
adopted for almost every destructive
insect.

The turnip flea-beetle was experi-
mented upon with several insecti-
cides. A strong decoction of tobacco
proved very efficient when fre-
quently applied, but its efficacy appeared to
be lost after three or four applications.
Emulsion, diluted with eight parts
of soft water, was also efficient, but the
effects were little if any more lasting
than those of the tobacco water and
when frequently applied retarded the
growth of the plants. Tobacco leaves,
cut fine, when placed about the plants
of the radish, had a marked effect in
keeping off the insects, and the appli-
cation, as well as that of a deco-
ction of tobacco seemed to
stimulate the growth of the plants.

Slack-lime, dusted over the plants
when wet proved unquestionably benefi-
cial and in dry weather its effects were
quite lasting.

It was noted that the plants of cal-
basse, radishes, etc., grown in the cold
frame were scarcely injured by the flea-
beetle. None of the applications used
for the flea-beetle had any perceptible
effect in preventing injuries from the
radish-fly, but satisfactory results were
gained by the use of coal ashes.

The only application that appeared
to prevent the injuries of the striped
cucumber beetle was Paris green mixed
with water, at the rate of half a tea-
spoonful to two gallons, and the mix-
ture applied to both sides of the leaves.
Pyrethrum or Buhaeh powder, diluted
with an equal bulk of air-slaked lime
and applied with a bellows, proved the
instant death of caterpillars.

Experiments with Little's soluble
phenylol did not prove it desirable on
the station grounds. Hammond's slug
shot upon trial was proved to be a de-
stroyer of insects, but the indications
that it was no more or less than Lon-
don purple mixed with a very large
proportion of gas, and was not to be
relied upon for the purpose.

This was the claim that it is not in-
jurious to the human family nor to
stock is false, and the price at which it
sold, is in excess of the value of the in-
gredients.

It has been claimed that the Buhaeh
powder will kill the potato beetle when
applied to it in the open air. With a
view to verifying this statement, we
thoroughly dusted several beetles with
the pure powder on July 25, and after they had fallen to
the ground placed them in a bottle,
over the top of which we tied a bit of
mosquito netting. The beetles soon re-
covered their activity and exhibited no
inconvenience as the result of the appli-
cation. A bit of potato foliage was
placed in the bottle in order that the
starvation of the beetles might not con-
vey a wrong impression as to the effects
of the poison. Later observations,
however, showed that this precaution
was entirely unnecessary, for on August
29, thirty-five days afterward, some of
the beetles were still alive. These ap-
plied themselves with their accustomed
vigor to potato leaves inserted into the
bottle, though they had fasted during
a full month.

It was proven that the Paris
green and water, coats dipped in coal
tar, and the kerosene emulsion were all
beneficial in retarding, if not wholly
preventing, the work of the borer. The
coal tar application, it is thought, is
probably more permanent in its action
than either Paris green or the emul-
sion. It is assumed that it does not de-
stroy the insects, but only repels them,
while the other two appear to poison
the young maggot as it eats its way to
the stem.

GREENLAND.

The East Coast Settled By Norsemen
in the Middle Ages?

The old controversy as to whether or
not the east coast of Greenland was set-
tled by the Norsemen, who built thriv-
ing colonies on the west coast in the
early middle ages, has been decided by
a Danish Government expedition, sent
out in the spring of 1883 to explore the
little visited coast. The early Norse-
man records speak of six hundred parishes
and nearly three hundred villages on
Greenland eight or nine hundred years
ago, when it had its own bishop; but
this entire civilization had perished
when Davis penetrated along the west
coast to the strait that bears his name in
1585. The fact that an "eastern" and
a "western" settlement were spoken of
in the records led to the belief that both
coasts had been settled in the early days,
while modern explorations have made
progress only along the west coast.

Norðenskjöld, who visited these regions
in 1883, believed that he had found
traces of ancient habitations on the east
side similar to those found along the
west coast. The Danish explorers have
proved him wrong. They spent two
winters on the east coast and penetrated
a hundred miles farther north than the
point (65 degrees 18 minutes) reached
by Graah in 1829, mapping out the land
and calling it "King Christian the
Ninth's land"; but they found no trace
of previous occupation, except a beer
bottle which the Esquimaux who in-
habit these high latitudes had looked
askance at for several years, believing
it to be some holy relic connected with
the legends of the inland glaciers, which
they fear as evil spirits. The explorers
were unable to account for the presence
of the bottle, that had the name of a well-
known Norwegian brewer blown in the
glass, until they learned of Norð-
enskjöld's previous visit to the neigh-
borhood. The coast was quite accessible
last summer north of the dreaded glacier
Puisortok, and presented an unex-
pected view of handsome mountains
and green valleys, with very little ice.
No doubt remains, from the report of
the expedition, that the "eastern settle-
ment" in the old record was meant
for the lower latitudes of the coast,
trends sharply toward the east. Im-
portant ruins have been found there.—
Chicago Tribune.

AN AMERICAN FABLE.

How the Lion Can Do the Hyena a Great
Favor.

The Hyena has abused the Lion for
several months to all other Animals,
without Provoking a Retort; and one
day met the King of Beasts face to face
and said:

"I have been Abusing you for this
Many Weeks."

"Ah! I hadn't heard of it."

"I have called you All Sorts of
names."